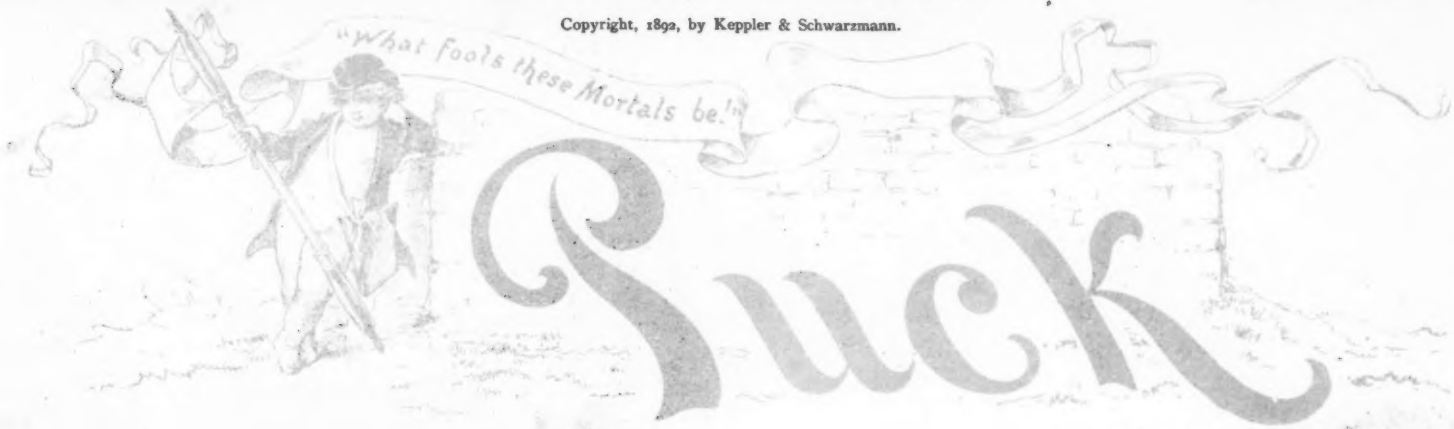
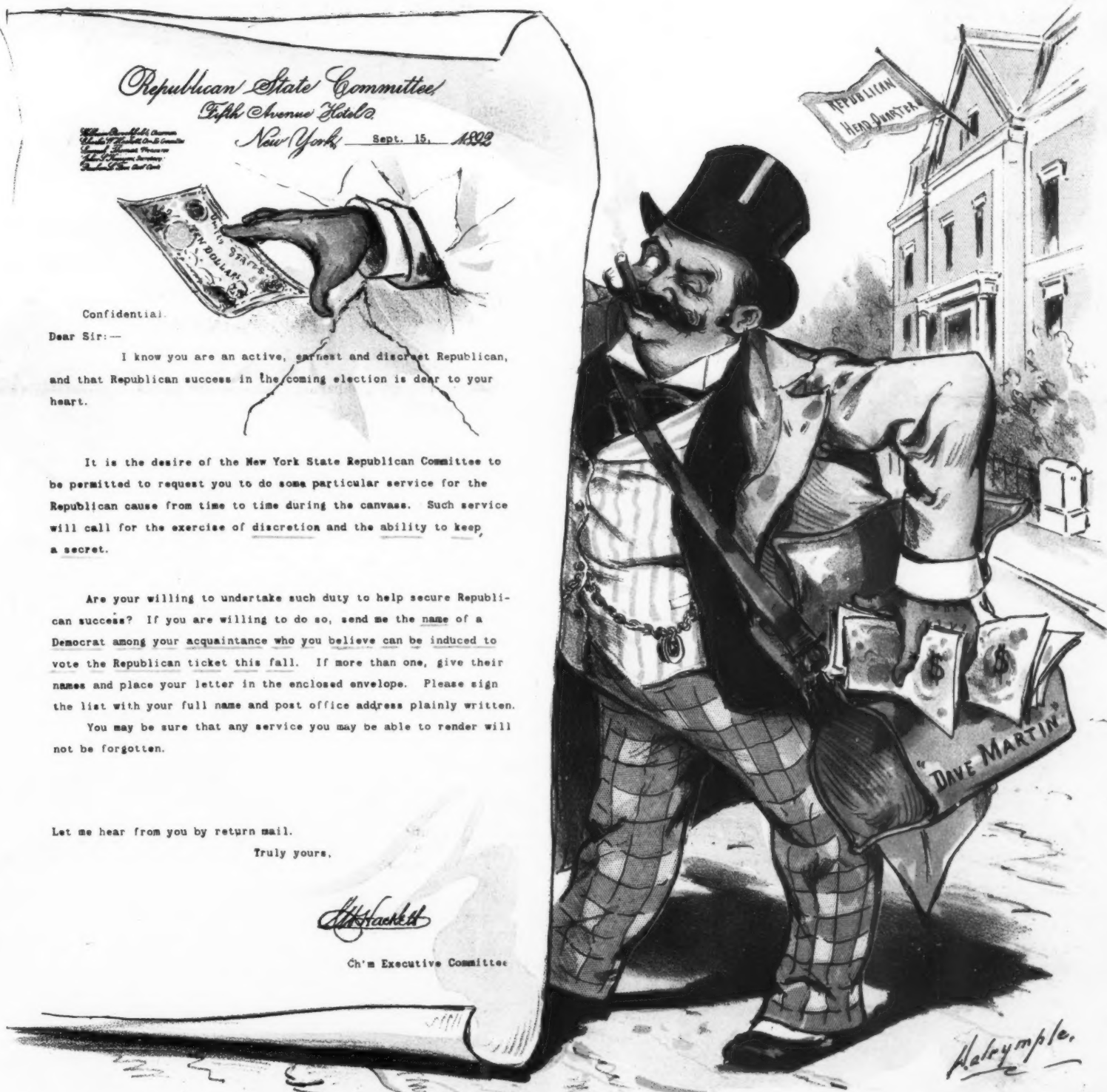


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GREAT INDUCEMENTS BY THE "PARTY OF MORAL IDEAS."



PUCK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Kiepler & Schwarzmann,

Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, October 12th, 1892. — No. 814.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IF THE American people could only step out into the street and look at itself as it appears in the heat of a Presidential campaign, we are of opinion that the American people would laugh at itself. At most other times it is a quiet, reasonable, good-natured, business-like people, governing itself very largely by the dictates of plain, wholesome horse-sense. But there is no denying that in a Presidential campaign the people, considered as a people, is altogether too apt to slop over, and to talk and to pretend to believe a deal of rubbish and nonsense that in saner times it would be ashamed to treat with serious consideration. We are moved to make these remarks partly by the perusal of a letter that lies before us. It is from a very able and worthy Congressman, a Democrat, who is seeking the re-election which he most certainly deserves, and who tells us that the leaders of the Republican party are sending their best known orators to oppose him in his district, not by impugning his character or attacking his position on the Tariff, the Force-Bill or any other vital issue of the campaign, but by trying to persuade the people that he is in favor of wild-cat banks and bad money, in the teeth of his earnest protestations of a financial faith which ought to be sound, as it is founded on an experience of thirty years in banking and twenty-three in manufacturing.

At no time except at the latter end of a national campaign would it be possible to get people to believe, or to pretend to believe that the re-election of Mr. Michael D. Harter would put the country in danger of an iniquitous banking system or a depreciated currency, any more than the re-election of Mr. Grover Cleveland, or that of Mr. Benjamin Harrison. But in a Presidential campaign year you may find people who will be willing — nay, glad — to go through the motions of believing you if you were to tell them that Mr. Cleveland had been a professional fire-bug in Buffalo, or that Mr. Harrison murdered his grandmother in a trundle-bed. When the Republican stump-orator talks about the Democrats wanting wild-cat banks, it only means that he has been kept on the run so hard that he is willing to make himself responsible for any sort of nonsense to get from a

defensive to an offensive position. Exactly how nonsensical this particular feat is, the men who are making it probably do not know, for they are among the least intelligent men of their party — with the exception of Senator Sherman, who has deserved so well of his country in his care for her best financial interests, that it is a pity to see him lend, for narrow party ends, his well-earned influence to misrepresent the position of men who are as true as himself to the highest and most conservative principles of finance. And we do not believe that he would do it in anything but a campaign year.

To thrust an unsound banking system on the country at this stage of our national progress would be about as easy and about as safe as the passage and enforcement of a statute enjoining total abstinence from tobacco or alcoholic drink. There will always be cranks and visionaries enough to air their whimsies in party platforms and on the floor of Congress, but the man who would take upon his shoulders the burden of committing this country to a dangerous banking system, at this stage of our national development, would have to have the courage as well as the mental irresponsibility of a madman. The men who are trying this desperate expedient are the Forakers and McKinleys of the Republican party, and we think our correspondent sizes these worthies up pretty accurately in his own simple but graphic language: "Ex-Governor Foraker knows less about banking than he does about China, and Governor McKinley is a mere parrot on this subject, as he has neither had experience nor does he do any reading or studying. And, as you know, Governor McKinley was as wild as a March hare at Toledo in his advocacy of free silver and in his denunciation of Mr. Cleveland."

Still it has been a remarkably clean and decent campaign so far, has it not? And the cleanness and decency of it show conclusively the needlessness and impropriety of the brutalities of the two campaigns that preceded it. Those brutalities, you will please to remember, were all on one side. We trust that the many worthy gentlemen who now manage to refrain from resorting to the methods of warfare which they apparently thought necessary four years ago and four years before that, may now be stirred by contemplation of their present cleanliness to some compunction for their previous performances. And it will not do them any hurt to reflect that misrepresenting the attitude of Mr. Cleveland and his friends upon important financial questions is an offense different only in degree, not at all in kind, from the offense of slandering him in any of the other ways which seem to have gone out of fashion this year, but which were once singularly popular among the gilded aristocracy of the Republican Party. But whatever they do, we can assure them that Mr. Cleveland's friends will refrain, out of sheer self-respect, not at all from any other consideration, from giving any circulation whatever to the story that Mr. Benjamin Harrison murdered his aged grandmother as she slept the smiling sleep of venerable innocence in her Indianapolis trundle-bed.

AN EASY (?) CURE.

Don't think poor Love is hopelessly blind!
There's a doctor old and wise,
Whose name is Marriage — and he will find
A way to open Love's eyes.

FRANKNESS REWARDED.

DR. BLUFF. — My dear fellow, this supposed sickness of yours is all imagination.

MR. GRUFF. — All right, Doctor; I suppose, then, you'll be contented with an imaginary fee!

A PERMANENT ADDRESS.

MR. STOKES (meeting old friend). — Ah! I'm glad I met you; I wanted to ask you your brother's address.

MR. MALTBY. — Landscape Avenue, near Sycamore.

MR. STOKES. — Up in the annexed district, I suppose?

MR. MALTBY. — No; over in Greenwood.

A GOOD ONE.

"Have you a good opinion of Harter?"

"Yes. It's a first-class opinion — unassailable. He's a sneak."

THE MAN who kicks against "scab labor" has no objection to buying goods at fifty per cent. below cost.

GOVERNOR FLOWER'S "dam" seems likely to keep his political grist-mill grinding.

"THE PUNISHMENT FITS THE CRIME."

The man who first the sin committed
Of starching new shirts all the way through —
Were he with one forever fitted,
We think he would receive his due!

DID N'T LIKE THE CHANGE.

SPICKEN. — While I was sitting on the sofa, the other night, with my arm around a girl's waist, who should break into the room but her father.

SPAN. — Whew! What did the old man say?

SPICKEN. — He asked her why she did n't stick to the same fellow.

NO FURTHER USE FOR THEM.

"The doctors have given McJunkin up."
"Poor fellow! Is he as ill as that?"
"No; he has got well."

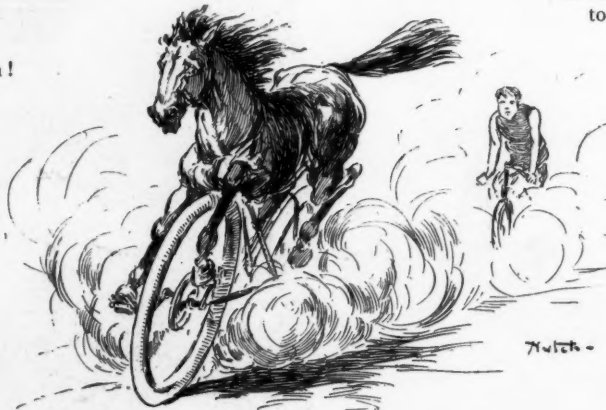
WHERE THE TROUBLE LAY.

"Did Harpers take your poem?"
"No. They returned it."
"What was the matter?"
"I enclosed a stamp."

AN OLD PROVERB DISPROVED.

"How are the hot cakes selling this morning?" asked the restaurant proprietor of the head-waiter.
"Slow, sir; very slow."

DEMOCRACY is a jolly good thing, theoretically — but it would work tremendous confusion in business if applied to "office rules."



HER ONLY CHANCE.

Oh! Nancy Hanks, your sturdy shanks
Have lost their glory now!
For Johnson's wheel has passed your heel,
And led your nose, I trow!

But here's a chance for nimble Nance,
The future holds in store!
Once in the swim, she'll distance him,
Two quarter posts or more!

W. B. G.

APPEARANCES DECEITFUL.



PROPRIETOR OF TONSORIAL ART STUDIO. — Confound it! Here comes one of them women in to have her bang trimmed. They're more bother than they're worth.



MILE. LOMBARDINI. — Say, Mister; give me a clean shave, twice over. I've quit the dime-museum business and goin' to get married!

A MOMENTOUS TIME.

WHEN MRS. SPUDKINS called on her friend Mrs. Dinsmore the other evening she could see at once that something unusual was about to transpire. The latter was dressed in her very best gown, and she bravely tried to repress the tears that came involuntarily as she smiled upon her little daughter, and tried to make the tot happy in a hundred ways that only a mother knows. "I want her to remember me as she sees me now," said Mrs. Dinsmore. "I want her always to think of her mama as handsome and sweet. For this reason I have arrayed myself in my very best before I change my clothes and go away from her."

And the mother wept again; but wiped away the tears before the child saw them.

"Mercy!" cried Mrs. Spudkins, as the nurse carried away Mrs. Dinsmore's daughter, "what is going to happen? Are you going to India as a missionary and leave your family here?"

"Oh, no!"

"Are you going to a hospital, to die of an incurable disease?"

"No."

"You have n't—you have n't—got a divorce, with the child given to the father?"

"Oh, no!"

"Then, why all this solemnity of farewell?"

"I am going to take my first lesson on the bicycle."

Anna Pierpont Siviter.

ALTHOUGH WATER will always find its own level, it may be said to get considerably beneath it when it gets into the milk given by the city cow that reaches into the air and placidly feeds upon the foliage of the ailantus.

IT'S THE man-of-letters who has no show at all in a breach-of-promise case.

DIFFERENT MANNERS.

HIS CITY NIECE.—Uncle, Uncle, don't! It's very impolite to eat with your knife.

UNCLE ELIHU.—Hang impoliteness! I let you eat with your fork when you came out to Punkville this Summer, did n't I, and never let on how funny it looked to us?

BEYOND THEM.

VISITOR.—Is this Fleece's Agency?

PRIVATE INQUIRY AGENT.—Yes, sir; what can we do for you?

VISITOR.—I want you to find some land for me.

PRIVATE INQUIRY AGENT.—At—where is it?

VISITOR.—Don't know.

PRIVATE INQUIRY AGENT.—Please describe it as well as possible.

VISITOR (*taking deed from his pocket*).—It's the N. E. quarter of the N. E. quarter, of the S. W. quarter, of the S. W. one-half of—

PRIVATE INQUIRY AGENT.

—Very sorry, sir; but we can't help you. See a clairvoyant.

EXACTNESS WANTED.

MISS FLYPPENT.—When is your birthday, Miss Elderkin?

MISS ELDERKIN.—I was born on June 30.

MISS FLYPPENT.—Old Style or New Style?

IT is better to have loved and lost than to be too winning in your ways. The jury generally sides with the pretty typewriter.

EVERY DOG has his day; but it is not every dog that knows when he is having it.

SELFISHNESS — When People won't do for Us what We are Perfectly Willing to do for Them, as Long as we have no Chance to do It.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT — Fishes.

"THAT TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND"
— Blackwell's.



BITTER FATE.

WILLIE ROCKINGHAM-SNOBS.—What makes you cry, dearest, on this glorious anniversary of the discovery of America?

MRS. ROCKINGHAM-SNOBS.—Ah, my child, 't is a sad, sad day for us and our house! Had America never been discovered, your great—great—great—grandfather would never have been tempted to come over in the *Mayflower*, and, to-day, we would have been living in our ancestral halls in dear old England.



(Began in Puck, No. 806, August 17th, 1892.)

STORY OF THE SEWING-MACHINE AGENT.

THE REASON I am interested in your story of the woman who came to your father's house to endeavor to have your mother change her sewing-machine," remarked the Millionaire of Pea Pack, before the Conscientious Plumber began, "is that I am always glad to hear anything relative to woman's work other than domestic labor. I have a daughter myself; and it often worries me when I think of the fate that might befall her in the event of my dying penniless."

"You know, Father, I can paint—"

"Yes," interrupted the Millionaire of Pea Pack, petulantly; "I know you can paint tea roses on tambourines, and golden-rods on jugs, and you can recite 'Bingen on the Rhine.' I have heard decrepit clergymen laud your rendition of the 'Charge of the Light Brigade' and Bryant's 'Bobolink' with its everlasting 'spink, spink, spink.' I have seen well-meaning old ladies look upon your water-color called 'Nasturtiums,' and go into the wildest rhapsodies of delight. But you would find it very different if you had to do those things for a living."

"It is to be hoped," said the Conscientious Plumber, looking more fondly than usual upon Anita, "that such a thing as your daughter's ever having to earn her living may never come to pass."

"I trust it may not," coincided the Millionaire of Pea Pack; "and, in order to banish so sad a thought, I think it would be well for you to proceed with the story of the Sewing-Machine Agent."

The Conscientious Plumber nodded with a smile of approval, and lost no time in complying with the request of his employer.

"In telling you of the woman who endeavored to have us change our sewing-machine, I feel that I am renewing my happy youth. Again I hear the insects droning about the orchard wall, and the bobolinks singing in the orchard. But I will not dwell upon these things, which are irrelevant to my story, and which can be of no interest whatever to you. I will begin by saying that upon a certain pleasant day in June I heard a gentle rap upon my portal. And when the servant opened the door, I saw a stout woman, with a beaming face lighted by a smile that had the spirit of a May morning in it."

"She tripped in and seated herself in an easy chair, and began plying her fan in a manner that proved conclusively that she felt quite at home. I was greatly amused at this as I looked at her from the library. She sent her card up to my mother, and I really felt that some new and dear relative from a foreign shore had come to make us a visit. If my memory serves me, her name was Mrs. Everard Bellevue Dilks, a high-sounding aristocratic combination, in which my dear mother thought she saw a great metropolitan society leader."

"That is just what I should have thought under the circumstances," remarked the wife of the Millionaire of Pea Pack, laughing in a manner that showed how pleased and interested she was.



"Consequently," continued the Conscientious Plumber, "she went downstairs in the light and airy manner of the fawn, and, in her sweetest company voice, bade Mrs. Dilks remove her hat, and join her in a cup of tea."

"How perfectly ridiculous!" exclaimed Anita.

"And, though Mrs. Dilks would not remove her hat, she disposed of the proffered cup of tea, and commenced to chat pleasantly of this and that, the exodus to Europe for the Summer, and the lovely time she hoped to have at Lenox in the Autumn. My poor mother was, naturally, delighted to meet so charming a person in so remote a region as the scene of our happy home; but she was at a loss to know the nature of her mission, as she had not dropped a remark that might be taken as a clue. When her suspense had almost reached the verge of desperation, the caller asked:

"Is your husband at home?"

"He is not," replied my mother, not knowing what she meant by such a question, and fairly straining her wits to make it clear; "he will not be home for an hour or two."

"I am really very sorry he is absent. You see I have a raging tooth; is there no other dentist around here?"

"My husband is not a dentist," my mother replied, with just a touch of feeling.

"I am so sorry," said the woman, pressing her handkerchief to her face; "for my tooth is fairly jumping, although the cup of tea you kindly gave me did much to alleviate the pain. I fear the young man who told me that this was the home of a dentist, did so for the sake of indulging a weakness for practical joking."

"Pray have another cup of tea," my mother insisted.

"Mrs. Dilks accepted the innocent beverage, and continued:

"Would you object to telling me what sewing-machine you use?"

"Not at all, not at all; we use the Rose in the Desert."



"I," said Mrs. Dilks, "represent the Old Homestead, which is cheerfully endorsed by all who have tried it as absolutely the best machine, all things considered, that is or has ever been put upon the market. I am willing to admit the merits of the Rose in the Desert, but it is only in strict conformity with the truth that I say that the old Old Homestead is in every way its superior."

"Here she produced some circulars; but my mother said: "

"The Rose in the Desert is my favorite machine."

"Of course," continued the Sewing-Machine Woman, with a Spartan vigor that never slumbered; "I can understand very well how a woman can become so attached to a sewing-machine that she will unqualifiedly declare it to be the best one in the world. Yet I have known just such a woman to try the Old Homestead, and, after giving it a fair trial, to express to me her great astonishment at knowing that she had ever been able to live without it. I do not come for the purpose of laying before you a carefully detailed account of all the things the Old Homestead will do. It is not a combination of typewriter, organette and bagatelle table. It does n't compute interest, prognosticate the weather, and keep you informed upon all points referring to feast and ember days. It is simply a sewing-machine, whose merits are so great that if I were but to enumerate them, you would regard me with suspicion and refuse longer to listen to my pathetic appeal for your happiness and welfare. I will, therefore, simply say that we shall be only too happy to leave a machine with you on trial, and let you discover its merits for yourself. It will cost you nothing to try it."

"Do you ever have a machine that you leave with a family on trial thrown back on your hands?" asked my mother, who was really at a loss to know what to say next.

"Sometimes," replied the Agent; "but never because of a lack of merit. Some people, when ready to make their clothing for Summer or Winter, send to us for one to be left on trial. They keep the machine until their sewing is done, and then return it with the verdict that it is not just what they had been led to expect."

"You must, indeed, have some very peculiar experiences, when your business brings you in contact with so many people who are totally different."



Such experiences I have often heard Mr. Mills speak of as being invaluable to a writer of realistic fiction—

“‘Are you the wife of Algernon Mills, the novelist?’ asked the old lady with beaming eyes.

“‘I am,’ my mother replied.”

Here the Conscientious Plumber explained that his father, after accumulating a competence in business, devoted his leisure to writing, more for a pastime than to augment his income, and then continued in the language of the Sewing-Machine Agent:

“‘Why, I have read a great many of Mr. Mills’s books, and have enjoyed them all so much! What a delightful way to pass one’s time! I suppose he does all his writing in the morning, does n’t he?’

“‘Oh, no!’ responded my mother, who was annoyed because she had to answer questions of this character very frequently; ‘Mr. Mills has no regular time set apart for his literary labors, for he is so constituted that he can only work when the spirit moves him.’

“‘It is very strange that you should have thought to remark that my experiences would make good literary material,’ continued the Agent, ‘because many of my friends have told me precisely the same thing. Some of them declare that the letters I write home are just as interesting and funny as they can be, and that they are a great deal better than many that are printed, and which have large sales. But when I come to read them over myself, I somehow think they are not sufficiently spirited for general reading. Does your husband use a typewriter or a pen?’

“From the expression of utter despair that possessed my mother’s features, I knew that she felt like replying that if her caller were a typewriter agent, my father used nothing but pens; and that if she were a pen agent, my father used nothing but a typewriter. I judge that this was the

case from my mother’s reply that my father did all his writing with a lead pencil.’

“While they were thus engaged in conversation, my father came up the walk, and, as he entered, the Agent asked:

“‘Is this Mr. Mills?’

“‘Yes,’ replied my father with an expression of astonishment at so rapturous a manner in a perfect stranger.

“‘I’m so glad to meet you,’ she prattled on, pleasantly; ‘I have read all your stories, from ‘A Cape Cod Pastoral’ to ‘Days at Amalfi,’ and I have been so delighted with each and all of them that I can not adequately express my feelings of pleasure upon meeting you.’

“My father bowed respectfully, to show her how keenly he appreciated the compliment. Then what do you suppose she did?” asked the Conscientious Plumber.

“Tried to sell him a sewing-machine, despite the satisfaction your mother found in the ‘Rose in the Desert,’” declared the Millionaire of Pea Pack, his wife and Anita, in one breath.

“No; but she wanted to know why Tom married Grace, in this story, and Percival, Rebecca in that one. Then she went into raptures over the name of Helen, which was the name of the heroine of one of his stories and said the only reason that she had never named a child Helen was because her children were all boys. She then exposed an autograph album, and asked my father to write a verse in it. He did so gladly, as he had a stanza which he had composed for this purpose, and which he wrote whenever asked for his autograph.

“Then she sauntered down the lawn with majestic stride, having first asked us the name of the people living in the next house, that she might make matters pleasant for them. Now, then, comes the point. How can a woman set out to make a living and succeed, when she spends all her time, like the Sewing-Machine Agent, in empty talk?”

“I don’t know,” said the Millionaire of Pea Pack, “although I have often tried to solve it. It is a paradox that lives on a level with another that can not be penetrated, and that is that a housemaid can give up her position always, and never be out of employment, while a book-keeper can never abandon his post of duty, because if once adrift on the sidewalk, it may take him years to find another place.”

Here the wife of the Millionaire of Pea Pack commenced a tirade upon the subject of domestic

tics, and the Conscientious Plumber said that after he had attended to his official duties on the morrow, he would be happy to tell them something of a servant who had made his mother’s life a Paradise on Earth.

And then the Millionaire went at his game of solitaire, his wife retired, and the Conscientious Plumber and Anita went out upon the piazza for a breath of fresh air.



(To be continued.)

PUCK’S NEW EDITORIAL DESK.

(Patent applied for.)



POET.—Is the editor in?
OFFICE BOY.—No, Sir. Ye can see fer yerself dat his desk is closed.



(Interior view of desk. EDITOR at work inside.)



BREAKING THE RULES.

FIRST DEAF AND DUMB MAN (*talking with his hands*).— Say, William, will you—?
 SECOND DEAF AND DUMB MAN (*severely*).— Shut up! Don't you see the sign?

AT A NEW JERSEY SANITARIUM.

PILKINS.—I don't see why you charge me six dollars a day when you charge others only four dollars.

HOTEL-KEEPER.—Our medical adviser tells me your respiration is twenty-five per cent. above the normal. We don't give air like ours away.

CONCERNING PIPES.

The dudheen and the calumet
 Are hardly of one type;
 The Redman's being a pipe of peace,
 And Pat's a piece of pipe.

Ludlow.



A DELIGHTFUL TRIP.

FRIEND.—Did you enjoy your sojourn in Europe?

RELIC HUNTER.—Enjoy it?—I should say so! I cut some gold fringe from the Emperor's throne in Berlin, hooked a door knob from the Vatican, broke an ear off an old statue in Italy, and chipped off a piece of Shakespere's tomb. I would n't take one thousand dollars for 'em!

OUR WALTZ.

Round and round, round and round,
 Out on the waves of sound,
 Floating as birds float, on wings flying free,
 No bird hath gayer flight,
 No wing hath speed more light —
 Than that swift motion you shared, Sweet, with me.

O'er and o'er, o'er and o'er,
 Skimming the polished floor,
 Lights whirling by us, and faces, and flow'rs —
 Hearts beating wild and warm,
 Arm clasped in twining arm —
 Oh, that our waltz might have lasted for hours!

On and on, on and on,
 Vision and speech were gone,
 Still the mad music, the fast circling feet;
 Till, with a blinding crash,
 Down we both went — kersmash! —
 She does n't speak to me, now, when we meet.

Madeline S. Bridges.



NOT QUITE THE THING.

MISTRESS (*rushing out after NEWLY IMPORTED NURSE-GIRL*).— Why, Nora! What do you mean by appearing in that extraordinary headgear?

NEWLY IMPORTED NURSE-GIRL.— Sure, yez said that Oi 'd have to be afther wearin' av a cap whin Oi tooked th' baby out.

A PROPER PETITION.

"I see the ministers have succeeded in having the World's Fair closed on Sundays."

"Yes; my laundress was here to-day asking me to sign a petition to have it closed Mondays, too — wash-day, you know."

A GIFT.

UPSON DOWNES.—How do you like that cigar, old man?

ROWNE DE BOUT.—Fine. Who gave it to you?

A NUISANCE.

"These railway strikes are getting to be a nuisance," said the commuter who had left his ticket home and was compelled to pay his fare in cash by the conductor whom he had forgotten at Christmas.



BREAKING IT GENTLY.

"Is it all right, Doctor?"
 "Splendid, Jumble! Allow me to congratulate you."
 "Is it a—a boy?"
 "The picture of his pop."
 "Doctor, this is the happiest moment of my life. It's selfishness on my part, though—for Louisa yearned for a daughter so fondly."
 "In that case, Jumble, she won't be disappointed."
 "Did n't you say it was a boy, Doctor?"
 "The picture of his pop."
 "But Louisa wanted a girl."
 "In that case, Jumble, as I said before, she won't be disappointed, for heaven has more than gratified her desire."



HIS DESIRE.

WARDEN (*kindly*).—As day after to-morrow is your birthday, I intend to allow you some little innocent recreation as a reward for your faithful observation of the rules. What would you prefer?
 CONVICT (*modestly*).—I should like to participate in a foot-race, if you please.

THE "KNOCKED OUT."

Oh, friend! think not of suicide
 Because things go not well;
 Sit in the company, with pride,
 Of Bismarck and "John L."

MCKINLEY and his followers might not be inappropriately called the American tin type of hollow-sounding politicians.

WE WILL venture to remark that when Columbus was on the high seas with his band of sturdy followers, he never put on half the style of the average captain of a fishing-banks steam-boat.

AN ITALIAN troubadour, who was something of a humorist, recently advertised for a monkey to act as cashier—one with sufficient knowledge of book-keeping to enable him readily to foot up a column.

COLUMBUS is reported to have said that he would rather discover twenty Americas than have to discover one collar-button which had dropped from his fingers, and got a two-foot start of him on Sunday morning.

THE ENTHUSIAST is a man who feels perfectly sure of a good many things that he is mistaken about.

A WESTERN STEER—Chicago-ward, during the Fair.

A DRAWN BATTLE—The Plans of an Engagement.

"Do I understand you, Doctor?—is it twins?"
 "You said you wanted a boy, did you not?"
 "I did, Doctor."
 "And your wife wanted a girl?"
 "Yes, Doctor."
 "Well, then, my man, rest easily. Heaven has answered the prayers of both."
 "Then it's twins?"
 "But in favoring you, Jumble, heaven has doubly favored your wife."
 "And it's twins?"
 "No, Jumble, not exactly. You see—"
 "Great Cæsar, Doctor, you mystify me! Relieve me of this anxiety, for pity's sake. What is it?"
 "Triplets."
 John Ludlow.



HER BOARDERS GOT IT IN THE NECK.

MRS. HASHCROFT (*from a professional point of view*).—Holy Prunes! What a lot of lovely steaks could be cut from that beast!

THE KNIGHTHOOD OF LABOR.

DRAMATIST.—What do you think of my new play, "The Ties That Bind?"

MANAGER.—It is n't hardly realistic enough, Charley. In the strike in the railroad scene you've got to work in a rival labor organization, and scoop the local union.

NONE ON THE MARKET.

"I don't take any stock in you, young man," said her father.

"Naturally. I'm a monopoly, and your daughter holds the whole concern."

MOTHER GOOSE IN PRACTICAL POLITICS.

Ride a cock-hoss
 To Banbury Cross
 To see all us voters bow down to
 the Boss.
 Rings in his fingers,
 And "stuff" in his clo'es,
 He can make music—
 And harmony "goes."

Sing a song o' sixpence,
 Bottle full o' rye,
 Four-and-twenty senators
 Going on a high.
 When the bot. was opened,
 They opened, too, and sang:
 "Politics is Boodle,
 And Boodle is the gang!"

There was a little man, and he had a
 little hat,
 And most of his ideas were of lead,
 lead, lead.
 He filled a mighty chair, with a
 rattling space to spare,
 And the grand-paternal dicer hid his
 head, head, head.

THE FACT that it is eminently respectable to go to church fills a good many pews.



QUESTIONABLE FAME.

MR. ROSEBERRY.—Dis yere Chris'pher Kerlummus must 'r been 'r pow'ful smart sort 'r chap.

MR. DEWSON (*contemptuously*).—Smart! Ef he 'd comed over yere an' discovered Philadelphia or even 'r place as big as Hoboken, yo' maght talk; but when it comes to findin' such 'r monst'ous piece ob de yearth as dis yere country, why—er—huh!—why he could n't hev helped findin' it ef he 'd 'r tried.





J. O'SULLIVAN LITH. CO. PUCK BUREAU, N.Y.



WINNING A NAME.

MID HER FELLOWS, fair she stood,
A type of budding womanhood,
Gracious and sweet. Elate, she spoke,
And all her charm of voice awoke
At her brave words: "I'll win a name
Bringing my Alma Mater fame—
And East and West, that name shall be
The open sesame for me
To that select and cultured throng
That moves the World of Thought along!"
This was in Summer. In the Fall,
When sumacs crimson 'gainst the wall,
And through the wood the wild wind moans,
She won her name; 't was—Mrs. Jones!

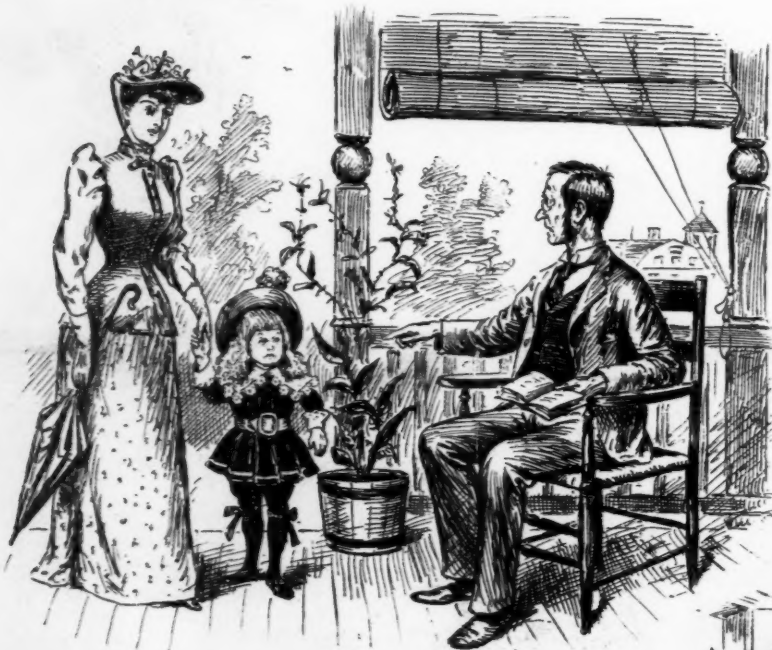
W. Bradley.

RENEWED ASSURANCES.

IRATE CREDITOR.—No money for me yet! You told me, the first of the month, that you would positively pay me the tenth.

TRANQUIL DEBTOR.—So I will; but, my dear man, I have n't paid the other nine yet.

COLUMBUS WAS a great discoverer, but we will fully hazard the opinion that he would not be in it with a latter day pugilist in the art of discovering plausible excuses for a defeat.



A MERE QUESTION OF TASTE.

MR. HOWSON LOTT.—I wish, my dear, that you would n't dress that child up so absurdly—he looks like a perfect monkey!

ALTHOUGH COLUMBUS was a great discoverer, we will venture a rosy Fall Pippin that he never succeeded in discovering why a countryman when traveling in a city horse-car, will invariably persist in carrying his carpet-bag on his lap with his arms around it, instead of depositing it on the floor and holding it in place with his feet.



"BEAUTY UNADORNED by speech is the most beautiful," remarked old Sawtelle, as he contemplated the silent Venus of Milo.

A QUESTION OF LATITUDE, NOT LONGITUDE.

STAYATT HOLMES.—What's the difference in time between London and Paris?

ROWNE DE BOUT.—Depends on the kind of a time your out for, m' boy!

PEOPLE WHO go into ecstasies of admiration over the persistent, indomitable spirit of Columbus, may not be aware of the historical fact that he once sold books in Genoa.



A SERIOUS OFFENCE.

JUSTICE (in surprise).—What's the charge, officer?
McGLATHERY (new member of the force).—Fer resistin' an officer yer Anner. Oi troied t' flirt wid her all th' way from Twenty-second Strate down to Union Square an' she resisted me ivery attintion.

THE PERVERSITY OF NATURE.

VICTIM OF INSOMNIA.—I try to go to sleep, but I can't. Can't you give me a remedy that will make me sleep?

DOCTOR.—Yes. Try to keep awake.

IT IS now about time for Ignatius Donnelly to come out with a cipher to prove that Columbus did not discover America.

IT IS THE unsuccessful drummer who meets with a "quick return and small profits."



MR. HOWSON LOTT (the following evening).—There, my dear, how do you like the uniform of the "Harrison Guards" of Lonelyville?

A HAPPY HOME.



AYLY THE trick mule pranced on his cyclonic way. The young man whom he had just tossed in the sawdust arose, and, amid the jeers and laughter of the populace, slowly and stiffly limped back to his seat. As soon as he thought himself unobserved, he slipped out of the audience, and stole around to the ticket-office, to receive from the manager of the circus the twenty-five cents which he received each night for performing the part of a genuine spectator ambitious of achieving distinction in connection with an intractable mule. As he went, he heard a thunder-burst of applause from two thousand spectators. The champion bare-back rider of the world had just slipped out of the tattered garb of a rustic, and was careering around on the mule in dazzling and bespangled supremacy. The young man entered the ticket-office; but he started back as he saw beside the manager's desk a gray-haired gentleman with a beard and a clean shaven upper-lip.

"Father!" he cried.

"Yes, William," said Mr. Hindleg, the famous circus-manager; "this is your father. He tells me you have run away from a happy home. I would advise you to return to it, for you assuredly have no talents which will ever advance you further in the circus business than you are at present."

"Nevertheless," replied the young man, firmly, "I shall not go. Father, you know this is of no avail. Leave me, I beseech you! I am contented here. Farewell."

Shaking his head, and with a puzzled look upon his face, the elder man went out.

"William," said Mr. Hindleg, kindly, "how is this? Surely you can not mean what you say. Have you not left a happy home?"

"Too, too, too happy!" returned the young man. "Listen to me, Mr. Hindleg, and I know you will press me no further. You may think it strange that I am willing to spend my evenings in my present ignoble and confuting profession. Hear, how I have been accustomed to spend my evenings in the home I have left. It is a country home. We have supper at six, and the *pièce de résistance* is stewed prunes. After supper we gather in the sitting-room. My father reads to us from an improving book, or imparts useful information. One night he tells us how candles are made.

The next he explains how coal is mined, remarking facetiously that on account of its high price, coal is sometimes called black diamonds. He gets his information from Chambers's Encyclopedia; but we never mention the fact. After the lecture we indulge in innocent recreation. Cards are forbidden; but we play the Game of Authors, Dr. Busby, and another hilarious device called "Consequences." After this we gather around the melodeon and sing. What do you suppose we sing?"

"I don't know," said the manager; "'White Wings' may be."

"'White Wings' has not caught on in our family yet. We sing 'There is a Happy Land,' 'Shall we Gather at the River' and 'There's Music in the Air.' On Sunday evening we confine ourselves to the Moody and Sankey Collection—but I will draw a veil over Sunday evening—it is too terrible to describe. Shall I proceed, sir, or have I said enough?"

"Say no more," cried the kind manager, "grasping the young man's hand: 'you are young to have suffered thus. Continue in your present occupation. You shall ride my trick mule while you have a bone in your body, and while Adam Hindleg has twenty-five cents in the cash-drawer!'"

BY CHRISTOPHER!—The Discovery of America.

HE WAS a Chicago boy who astonished his teacher by replying, when asked who discovered America, "Sinbad!"



SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE.

MRS. RIVERSIDE RIVES.—Are you crazy! Why don't you finish dressing before you come out?

MR. RIVES.—Why don't you?

IN THE FRONT ROW.

HOKES.—I saw old Sportson at a revival the other night.

STOKES.—By Jove! You don't say so. He must have got religion.

HOKES.—Well—it was the revival of the Black Crook.



JUDGED BY RESULTS.

MCGEACHY (*in disgust*).—Wan would think it was Saint Pathrick's Day instead av th' anigwersary av a dago.

O'MARA.—Will, in me own moind Columbush was the greater mon. MCGEACHY (*reaching for a brick*).—Yez 'll have to prove that.

O'MARA.—Oi kin. Saint Pathrick found a counthry th' Oirish could niver rule, whoile Columbush discovered a counthry th' Oirish have always ruled.

DEFINITIONS OF THE DAY.

BUSINESS CENTRES—Bloodhounds.

SAGE-BRUSH—A Wise Tale.

DOWN-STARES—Furtive Glances.

A BAD MAN—Woman.

BOUND TO PLEASE—In Tree Calf.

A LIBERTY-POLL—A Fair Ballot.

A RICH JOKE—One Pun'.

A SPOILED CHILD—The Adult.

NEVERTHELESS—The Majority.

A LUCKY NUMBER—Fortunate.

BOUND-OUT—Jacks-in-the-box.

A GRATE TO-DO—The Nutmeg.

AS BITTER AS GALL—Cheek.

DRAWERS OF WATER—The Sea's Expanse.

A HACK-DRIVER—The Managing Editor.

A STANDING JOKE—Horse-
woman Car.

C. F. Lummis.

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Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:

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are making Double Breasted Coats and
Vests to order, \$15.00, in homespun,
Cheviots and neat silk mixtures, which
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Stripes, to order,
\$5.00.

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cloth and Dress
Worsted, either
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Cloth sold by the
yard, all shrunk
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Samples and self-measurement guide
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POCKET \$1.00 Nickel-Plated
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Strong & durable.
1000 LIGHTS.
1,000 extra lights, 10c
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LOADER \$7.50
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BICYCLES \$15. **GUNS**
All Breech cheaper than
elsewhere. Before you buy
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CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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30 YEARS THE STANDARD.

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live. The ceremony will be performed for 50 cents or
more by any first-class furnisher.

CHESTER SUSPENDER CO.,

4 Decatur Ave., Roxbury, Mass.

FOLLY OF WAITING.

LITTLE DOT. — Oh, Mama, there's a sign
"Puppies For Sale." Won't you buy me one?
MAMA. — Wait till you are a little older, dear.
LITTLE DOT. — But then they'll be dogs. —
Street & Smith's Good News.

A SOCIAL DIPLOMAT.

"Mr. Hawkins," said she, "I wish you'd decide
a bet between me and Mr. Barrows. He says it
is only five hundred feet to the beach, and I say
it's a thousand."

"Well," said Hawkins, "I should say you were
both right. It's about five hundred of Barrows's
feet, and a thousand of yours." — *Harper's Bazar.*

You can not go to heaven when you die, unless you get
more than half way there while you live. — *Ram's Horn.*

After a sleepless night, use Angostura Bitters to tone up your
system. Buy only the genuine, manufactured by Dr. Siegert &
Sons. At all druggists.



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The First Analysts
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"I want to warn the entire theatrical profession of the danger of being shaved by barbers who use *cheap* and *impure* shaving soap.

"A few months ago, while in the State of Pennsylvania, I got shaved in a shop where they used some cheap soap with a common, offensive odor. Being in a hurry to get to the theatre I had to run the risk, though *I am usually particular* about such matters. After being shaved, my face began to smart terribly. I became alarmed, thinking I was going to have the 'barber's itch.' I went to a doctor, who told me it was a case of blood-poisoning caused by getting shaved with soap which was made from diseased and impure fats. It prevented me from getting shaved again, and I had to let my beard grow till my face healed up.

"I am glad to say that after two long months of suffering I am entirely recovered; and you can rest assured no barber will ever shave me again unless he uses the soap I shall always be shaved with in future—WILLIAMS'."

IMPURE SHAVING SOAP POISONED HIM.

He will insist upon the use of WILLIAMS' hereafter.

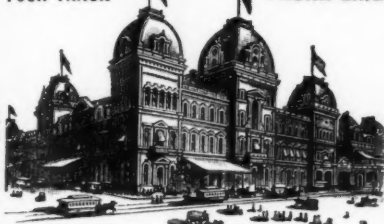
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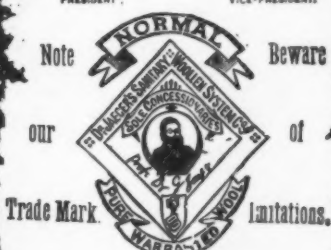


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MISS GREVILLE'S
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BEATTY Piano Organ, \$28 up. Want agents.
Cat'g free. Dan'l F. Beatty, Wash'ton, N. J. 518

WISE PROVISION OF NATURE.

LITTLE DOT.—I wonder why it is grown
folks' noses get so thin and hooked when they
grow old.

LITTLE DICK.—Huh! Any one might know
why that is. It's to hold the spectacles.—*Street*
& *Smith's Good News.*

A REASONABLE REQUEST.

WEE SON.—Mama, me wants pants.

MAMA.—My pet is too little yet.

WEE SON.—Well, me finks me might have
s'penders to my dwess, anyhow.—*Street* &
Smith's Good News.

"I SUPPOSE," said the gentleman from the
East, "that very few of you Western farmers
were raised here."

And the agriculturist, looking up from his
labor, responded:

"Wall, we all on us were raised here when
the cyclone struck the town, 'cept Bill Jones, who
slid down his well."—*Commercial Bulletin.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINKLOW'S SOOTHING
SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums,
allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

WHEN a woman goes into a store, she says
"I want to look" at such and such a thing. She
never says she wants to buy.—*Atchison Globe.*

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Do not be deceived by "Budweiser" brands that do not have the label of the Anheuser-
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the genuine and original "Budweiser," which is recognized as the best bottle beer in the mar-
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Inferior and imitation sorts are coarse, of disagree-
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Justus von Liebig,
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has the odor of roast beef gravy, a fine flavor, dis-
solves clearly in water and assimilates with the finest
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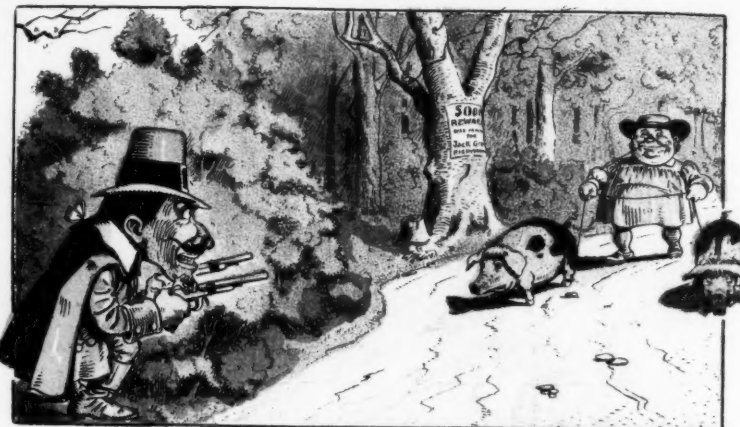
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PUCK.



Jack Grab, a bold highwayman, long successfully defied
The Law, the Sheriff's posse and the frightened countryside.



There was a timid farmer, which his name it was Sam Boggs,
Who went to London one fine day with two fat Cheshire hogs.



To whom Jack Grab, with pistols cocked, did on the road appear,
Which made Sam drop the string which held his hogs and quake with fear,



And (in response to Grab's demand) for his poor life to beg
(One string held both the hogs, each end attached to one hind-leg).



Off jumped the swine, which brought the twine in contact with Jack's shins,
Upon his crown they pulled him down. (Right here his woe begins.)



For, sooth to say, upon his way Jack upset Farmer Sam,
Who right on top of Jack did drop, which caused him to say "—!"



It was a farmer bold named Boggs, with pistols cocked and aimed
Who drove a bound highwayman toward the town that's London named.



The Sheriff paid a rich reward to valiant Farmer Boggs,
Who danced with glee to think that he now need not sell those hogs.

THE GALLANT CAPTURE OF JACK GRAB.